

HERO And LEANDER.

Begun by
Christopher Marlowe,
and finished by
George Chapman.

Ur Nectar, Ingenium.



MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICI

LONDON:

Printed by N. Okes for William Leake, and are
sold at his shop in Chancery-lane neare
Rougemont.

"A book entitled *Hercules Leander* being
an amorous poem devised by Christ.
maslow" was enbrould at ~~London~~
~~London~~ by John Wolfe September 8. 1593.

Herc & Leander, whose mighty lines
of Mr. Benjamin Johnson, a man re-
noble enough of his own abilities, are
often heard to say, that they are
examples rather fitter for imitation
than than for parallel."

BRITISH LIBRARY
Preface to *Bosworth's poems*.

This poem must have been prin-
ted before 1600 - for it is often
cited in a collection entitled
"England's Poesie" printed that
year - Folio p. 379 of that work
it appears that ~~Lea~~ Leane wrote but
the first section or a small
part of the third; for the passage
describing ceremony, beginning at
the 105th line of the 3^d section is
here given to Chapman.

My braine creatures in edition of this
in 1600 or 1606 in 1600 - together
with a edition in 1606 - together
with the first book of *Lea*.



TO
THE RIGHT
VVorshipfull, Sir
THOMAS VVALSINGHAM

Knight. *This you gettum
the Induction to the
king of his two sonnes
Cardo, and another, from
the 1593.*

SIR, we thinke our selues dis-
charged of the duty we owe to our
friend, wher wee have brought
the breathlesse body to the earth:
for albeit the eye there taketh
his farewell of that beloved obiect, yet the im-
pression of the man that hath beene deare unto us,
living an after life in our memory, there putteth
us in minde of other obsequies due unto the dece-

THE EPITAPHE DEDICATORY.

sed; and namely, of the performance of whatso-
ever we may judge shall make to his living cre-
dit, and to the effecting of his determinations pre-
vented by the stroak of death. By these meditati-
ons (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe
Executor to the unhappy deceased Author of this
Poem, upon whom, knowing in his life time you
bestowed many kinde favours, entertaining the
parts of reckoning and worth which you found in
him, with good countenance and liberall affection,
I cannot but see so farre into the will of him dead,
that whatsoever issue of his braine should chance
to come abroad, that the first breath it should take
might be the gentle Aire of your liking: for since
his selfe had bene accustomed thereto, it would
prove more agreeable and thriving to his right
children, than any other foster countenance what-
soever. At this time, seeing that this unfinished
Tragedy happens under my hand to be imprinted,
of double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to
the deceased: I present the same to your most fa-
vourable allowance, offering my utmost selfe now
and ever to be ready at your Worships disposing.

From this dedication it shd. be seen
that there had been an edition of that part
of this poem which was written by the late
Author soon after his death, which happe-
ned 1613. See the Entry at Stationers Hall at top
of page 100.

HERO AND LEANDE

The Argument of the first

Heroes description, and her love,
Th' Phane of Venus where he myghte view to
His worthy Love syte and attains; ncury I; of
Whose blisse, the wrath of fates restraines.
For Cupids grace to Mercury,
Which Tale, the Author dash imly.


N Hellespont guilty of true Loves blood,
In view and opposit two cities stood,
Seaborderers, dis-joynd by Neptunes might;
The one Abjas, th' other Sestos height.
At Sestos Her dwelt, Hero the faire,
Whom yong Apollo courted for her haire,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The out-side of her garments were of Lawne,
The liacen purple silke, with guylt stars drawne,
Her wide sleevees greene, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove,
To pleafe the carelesse and disdainfull eyes.

Hero and Leander.

Of proud Adonis that before her lyed:
Her Kirtle blew, whercon was many a staynes,
Made with the blood of wretched Lovers slayne.
Upon her head shee wore a myrtle Wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leavens,
Whose workmanship both man and Beast deceives.
Many would prayse the sweet smell as she past,
When twas the odour which her breath foorth cast.
And there for honey, Bees have sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, have lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaynes of peble stonye,
Which lightned by her necke, like Dyamonds shone.
She ware no gloves, for neyther Sunne nor Wind,
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warme or coole them: for they tooke delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white:
Buskins of shels all silvered, usyd ther,
And brancht with blushing Corall to the knee.
Where Sparowes perch't, of hollow pearle and gold,
Such as the World would w~~ou~~ 'er to behold:
Those with sweet water off her hand mayd fils,
Which as she went would cherup through ghe bils.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd;
And looking in her face, was stricken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd Hero, was his mother.
And of entimes into her bosome flew bloudy dill 1391
About her naked necke his bare armes threw, dit 1391
And layd his childish head upon her brest, dit 1391
And with still panting rocke there tooke his rest.
So lovely faire was Hero, Neny Nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone.

Because

Hero and Leander.

Because she took more from him than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft,
Therefore in sign her creature suffered wracke,
Since heroes emprise had halfe the world beaten blacke.
Amorous Leander, beautifull and young,
(Whose Tragedy divine muses sang)
Dwelt at Abides, faire him dwelt there none,
For whom succeeding names make greater name.
His dandling tresses that were never shorn,
Had they bene cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the ventrous youth of Greece,
To hazzard more than for the golden fleece.
Faire Cyndis with his armes might be her spouse:
Griefe makes her pale, because she moves not here.
His body was as straight as Circles Wand,
Love might have sipp out Nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meate is to the taste
So was his necke in touching, and surpast
The white of Peleus shoulder: I could tell yct
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
And whose immortall fingers did imprint
That heavenly path, with many a curious dint
That runs along his backe; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men.
Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffice,
That my slacke Muse must sing of Leanders eyes.
These orient cheekes and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kisse
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Dyed ere he could enjoy the loue of any.
Had wilde Hypolitus Leander seene,
Enamoured of his beauty had he beene,
His presence made the ruder paishant thre,
That

Hero and Leander.

That in the vast uplandish Country dwelt,
The barb'rous Thracian soldier mov'd with aught,
Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.
Some I wote he was a maid in mans attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for Love to banquet royally,
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play,
Why art thou not in love, and lov'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthy *Sestos* every yeare,
For his sake whom their goddess held so deare,
Role-cheekt *Adonis* kept a solemnie feast,
Thither resorted many a wandred guest,
To meet their loves, such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great feastivall.
For every street like to a Firmament,
Glistred with breathing stars, who where they went,
Frighted the Melancholly earth which deem'd it woe
Eternall heaven to burne, for so it seem'd;
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the Suns rich Chariot.
But tarre above the loveliest *Hero* shin'd,
And stole away th' enchanted gazers minde,
For like Sea-nymphes inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wandering pale and watry starre,
(When yawning Dragons drew her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where crown'd with blazing light and Majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,
Then she the hearts of thosc that neare her stood.

Even

Hero and Leander.

Even as when gaudy Nymphes pursue the chace,
Wretched *Ixions* shaggy-footed race,
Incessit with sayage heate, gallop amaine,
From steep Pine-bearing mountains to the Plaine:
So ranne the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her:
And as in fury of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being slaine or put to flight,
Poore soldiers stand with feare of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surpriz'd and taken,
Awaite the sentence of her scornfull eyes:
He whom she favours lives, the other dyces.
There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to asswage)
Compile sharpe Satyres, but alasse too late,
For faithfull love will never turne to hate,
And many seeing great Princes were decayed,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her, dyed.
On this feast day, O curs'd day and houre,
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from hertowre
To *Venus* Temple, where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy,
So faire a Church as this had *Venus* none,
The walls were of discoloured Iasper stone,
Wherein was *Proteus* carv'd, and over head
A lively Vyne of greene sea agget spread,
Whereby one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,
And with the other, Wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of Chry stall shining faire the pavement was,
The towne of *Sestos* call'd it *Venus* glasse;
There might you see the gods in suadry shapes,
Committing heady ryots, incest, rapes,
For know that underneath this radiant flower

Hero and Leander.

Was *Danae*: statue in a brazen tower,
Love filly stealing from his sisters bed,
Todally with *Idalian Ganimed*;
And for his love *Europa* bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing *Mars* heaving the iron net,
VVhich limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set:
Love kindling fire to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy,
That now is turn'd into a Cypres tree,
Vnder whose shade the VVood gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood,
There *Hero* sacrificing Turtles blood,
Tayl'd to the ground, vailing her eye-lids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose.
Thence flew Loves arrow with the golden head:
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nce blazed,
Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was strooke:

Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.

It lies not in our power to love or hate—

For will-in us is over-rul'd by Fate.

VWhen two are stript long ere the course beginne,

VVe wish that one should lose, the other winne.

And one especially doe we affect,

Of two gold Ingots like in each respect;

The reason no man knowes: let it suffice,

VVhat we behold is censur'd by oure eyes.

VVhere both deliberate, the love is slight.

VWho ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

He kneeld, but unto her devoutly prayd:

Chaste *Hero* to her selfe thus softly said;

VVcre

Hero and Leander.

VVere I the Saint he worships, I would beare him :
And as she spake these words came something near him,
He started up, she blusht as one ashain'd,
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand, in touching it, she trembled :
Love deeply ground hardly is dissembled.
These Love is parled by the touch of hands,
True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signes their yelding harts intangled,
The aire with sparkes of living fire was spangled,
And night deepe drencht in mistie Acheron,
Heav'd up her head, and halfe the world upon,
Breath'd darknesse forth, (darke night is Cupids day)
And now begins Leander to display
Loves holy fire, with words, with sighes, and teares,
VVhich like sweete musicke entred Heroes ears.
And yet at every word she turn'd aside,
And alwayes cut him off as he replide.
At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,
With cherefull hope thus he accosted her :
Faire creature let me speake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then shouldest thou be his prisoner who is thine.
Be not unkinde and faire : mishapen stiffe
Are of behaviour boysterous and ruffe.
O shunne me not, but heare me ere you goe,
God knowes I cannot force love as you doe.
My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
From Venus Altar to your foot-steps bending)
Doth testifie that you exceede her farre

Hero and Leander.

To whom you offer, and whose Name you are. [L. 19. V. 5]
Why should you worship her? her you surpass,
As much as sparkling Diamonds, flaring glasse.
A Diamond set in Lead, his worth retaines:
A heav'ly Nymph belov'd of humane swaines,
Receives no blemish, but oft times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but base; [L. 20. V. 1]
Base, in respect of thee divine and pure,
Durifull service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excell all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceede Loves mother.
Nor heav'n, nor thou were made to gaze upon,
As heav'n preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately builded ship, well rigg'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more majesticall :
Why vowst thou then to live in *Sestas* here,
Who on Loves seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untun'd golden strings, all women are;
Which long time lye untouched, will harshly jarre.
Vessels of Brasse, oft handled, brightly shine :
What difference betweene the richest Mine,
And basest mould, but use? for both, not us'd,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,
When misers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne us two for one.
Rich robes, themselves and others doe adorne,
Neither themselves nor others, if not worne.
Who builds a Palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah simple *Hero*, learne thy selfe to cherish!
Lone women like to empty houses perish;
Lesse sins the poore rich man that starves himselfe,
In heaping up a Masse of droffe pelfe,

Then

Hero and Leander.

Then such as you his golden earth remaines,
Which after his disease some other gaines.
But this faire Lemme sweet in the loffe alone,
When you sest hence can be bequeath'd to none:
Or if it could, downe from the enamel'd sky,
All heaven would come to claime this legacy;
And with intestine broyles the world destroy,
And quite confound Natures sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures should enjoy that blisse:
One is no number: Maides are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of Men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wilde Savages that drinke of running springs,
Thinke water farre excels all earthly things,
But they that daily taste sweet wine despise it;
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,
Differs as much as Wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stampes sake we allow,
Even so for mens impressions doe we you,
By which alone, our reverend Fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This Idoll which you terme Virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior seance,
Nor hath it any place of residence.
Nor is't of earth or mould celestiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.
Of that which hath no being doe not boast:
Things that are not at all are never lost.
Men foolishly doe call it vertuous:

Hero and Leander.

What vertue is it that is borne with us? Much lesse can honour be ascrib'd thereto,
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe. Beleeve me *Hero*, honour is not wonne,
Vntill some honourable deede be done.
Seeke you for chastity, immortall fame,
And know that some have wrong'd *Diana's* name. Whose name is it, if she be faire or not,
So she be faire, bat some vile tonges will blot: But you are faire(ay me) so wondrous faire,
So young, so gentle, and so debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly blasting infamy:
Perhaps thy sacred Priest-hood makes thee loath:
Tell me to whom thou mad'st that heedlesse oath:

To *Venus* answered she: and as she spake,
Forth from those two traluent cisternes brake
A stremme of liquid pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white pathes, wheron the gods might trace
To *Loves* high Court: He thus replide: The rites
In which *Loves* beauteous Empresse most delights,
Are banquets, Doricke musicke, midnight revell,
Playes, Maskes, and all that sterne age counteth evill.
Thee as a holy Ideot doth she scorne,
Forthou in vowed chastity hast sworne,
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sinne farre worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her Deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sinne, kisse, and shake hands,
Such sacrifice as this *Venus* demands.

There

Hero and Leander.

Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for moe,
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech,

Though neither Gods nor men may thee deceive,
Yet for her sake whom you have vow'd to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queene of Loves sole enemy,
Then shall you most resemble *Venus Nunne*,
When *Venus* sweete rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted *Pallas* joyes in single life,
But *Pallas* and your Mistris are at strife,
Love *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou hast wounded thus,
Nor staine thy youthfull yeares with avarice,
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.
The richest Corne dyes if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.
These arguments he us'd, and many more,
Wherewith she yeelded that was wonne before,
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are won, when they beginne to jarre.
Thus having swallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strooke.
Yet evilly taining anger, strove she still,
And woulde be thought to grant against her will:
So having paus'd a while, at last she said,
Who taught thee Rhetoricke to deceive a maid?
Ay me, such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator,
With that *Leander* stoopt to have embrac'd her,
But from his spreading armes away, she cast her,
And thus bespake him: Gentle youth, forbear
To.

Hero and Leander. 1

To touch the sacred garments which I weare.
Upon a rocke, and underneath a hill,
Farre from the towne (where all is whist and still),
Save that the sea playing upon yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmure to the land:
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In silence of the night to visit us.)
My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
VVith *Venus* swannes, and sparrowes all the day;
A dwarfish beldam keepes me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lye;
And spends the night (that might be better spent)
In vaine discourse, and apish merriment,
Come thither: As she spake this, her tongue tript,
For unawares (*Come hither*) from her slipt,
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,
And here, and there her eyesthrough anger rang'd,
And like a Planet moving severall wayes,
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assayes,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart,
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such,
As might have made heaven stoope to have a touch,
Did she up hold to *Venus*, and againe,
Vow'd spotlesse chasteitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beateth downe her prayers with his wings,
Her vowes above the empty aire he flings,
All deepe enrag'd, his finewic bow he bent,
And shot a shaft, that burning from him went,
Wherewith she stroken lookt so dolefully,
As made Love figh to see his tyranny.
And as she wept her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd,

Then

Hero and Leander.

Then towards the Palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment, and griete he flyes,
And to those sterne Nymphs, humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest,
But with a gasty, dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thousand Deaths at every glance,
They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poore word, their hate to him was such:
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why,
Heavens winged Herald, *love borne Mercury*,
The selfe-same Day that he a sleepe had layd,
Inchanted Argus spyd a Countrey Mayd,
Whose carelesse haire, in stead of pearls t'adorne it,
Glistred with Dew, as one that seem'd to scorne it,
Her breath as fragrant as the Morning Rose,
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose.
Yet proud she was, (for lofty pride that dwels
In towred Courts, is oft in Shepheards Cels.
And too too well the fayre Vermilion knew,
And silver tincture of her Cheeke, that drew
The love of every Swaine: On her this god
Enarmoured was, and with his Snaky Rod
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon the Hillocke downe he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe beganne to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to affay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast;
And then he woo'd with Kisses, and at last,
As Shepheards doe, her on the ground he layd,
And tumbling on the Grasse, he often strayd
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold,
And like an insolent commanding Lover,

Hero and Leander.

Boasting his parentage would needs discover
The way to new *Elizium*: but she,
Whose onely dower was her chasfity,
Having striv'n in vaine, was now about to cry,
And crave the helpe of shepheards that were nigh.
Herewith he stayd his fury, and began,
To give her leave to rile : away she ran,
After went *Mercury*, who us'd such cunning,
As she to heare his tale let off her running.
Maids are not wonne by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight,
And knowing *Hermes* courted her was glad
That she such lovelinesse and beauty had,
As could provoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would deay, nor grant his sute.
Still vow'd he love, she wanting no excuse,
To feede him with delaies, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
All women are ambitious naturally,
Impos'd upon her lover such a taske,
As he ought not performe, nor yet she aske,
A draught of flowing *Nectar*, she requested,
Wherewith the King of gods and men is feasted.
He ready to accomplish what she wil'd,
Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe loves cup fild*)
And gave it to his simple rusticke Love,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Love*)
He ialy storm'd, and waxt more furious.
Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*,
And thrusts him down from heaven, he wandring here,
In mournfull tearmes, with sad and heavy cheere,
Complain'd to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,
To be reveng'd on *Love* did undertake;

And

Hero and Leander.

And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forst them equally,
To dote upon deceitfull Mercury ;
They offered him the fatall deadly knife,
That sheares the slender threds of humane life,
At his faire feathered feete the engins laid,
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos den up waid,
These he regarded not, but did entreat
That *Love*, vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted what he crav'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops* began their golden reigne.
Murther, rape, warre, lust, and mecherie,
Were with *Love* clos'd in Stygian Emperie.
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purposc got,
He rechlesse of his promise did despise,
The love of th' everlasting destinies.
They seeing it, both love and him abhorrd,
And *Jupiter* unto his place restor'd.
And that but learning in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven gate,
And to the seate of *Love* it selfe advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and poyerty should alwaies kisse.
And to this day is every scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Bodre ;
Likewise, the angry sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselves on *Hermes* have concluded,
That *Midas* brood shall sit in honours chaite,

Hero and Leander

To which the Muses sonnes are onely thaire,
And fruitfull VVits that in aspiring are,
Shall discontent runne into Regions farre,
And few great Lords in Vertuous Deeds shall ioy,
But be surpriz'd with every garish toy,
And still enrich the lofty servile Clowne,
VVho with incroching guile, keeps learning downe.
Then muse not Cupids suit nobetter sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.

The end of the first Sestade.

The Argument of the second Sestade.

Hero of Love takes deeper sence,
And doth her love more recompenise,
Their first nights meeting where sweet kisses
Are th'onely crownes of both their blisses.
He swims to Abydus, and returnes,
Cold Neptune with his beauty burnes,
Whose suit he shunnes, and doth aspire
Heroes faire tomre, and his desire.

BY this sad Hero with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leanders face, fell downe and fainted:
He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,
Wherewith as one displeas'd away she trippes;
Yet as she went full often looke behinde,
And many poore excuses did she finde,
To linger by the way, and once she staid,
And would have turn'd againe, but was affraid,

In

Hero and Leander.

In offering parley to be counted light,
So on she gots, and in her idle flight,
Her painted Fanee of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a Novice knew not what she meant;
But stay'd and after her a letter sent;
Which joyfull *Hero* answered in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beautious fort,
Wherein the liberall Graces lock their wealth;
And therefore to her Tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the doore, he neede not clime;
And she her selfe before the poynted time,
Had spread the boord, with roses strowed the roome,
And oft lookt out, and mis'd he did not come;
At last he came: O who can tell the greeting,
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?
He askt, she gave, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affyed.
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts united;
And what he did she willingly requited.
(Sweete are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires, and like affections meet,
For from the earth to heaven is *Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancy is in equall ballance pais'd)
Yet she this rashnesse suddainly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented;
As if her name and honour had beeне wrong'd,
By being possest of him for whom she long'd:
I, and she wisht, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her Turret and depart.
The mirthfull god of amorous pleasure smil'd,
To see how he this captive Nymph beguil'd,
For hitherto he did but fanne the fire,

Hero and Leander.

And kept it downe that it might mount the higher,
Now waxt she jealous, least his love abated,
Fearing her owne thoughts made her to be hated,
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And like light *Salmasis* her body throwes
Vpon his bosome, where with yealding eycs,
She offers up her selfe a sacrifice,
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd,
O what God would not therewith be appeas'd!
Like *Aesops* Cocke this jewell he enjoyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and good will had wonne,
But know you not that creatures wanting sence,
By nature have a mutuall appetence,
And wanting organs to advance a step,
Mov'd by Loves force, unto each other leap,
Much more in subjects having intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect,
Albeit *Leander* rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero* nothing saw,
That might delight him more, yet he suspected,
Some amorous rites or other were neglected:
Therefore unto his body hers he clung,
She fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Striv'd with redoubled strength, the more she strived,
The more a gentle pleasing heate revived,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know,
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plaine tearmes (yet cunningly) he crav'd it,
Love alwaies makes those eloquent that have it,
She, with a kinde of granting put him by it,
And ever as he thought himselfe most nigh it,

Like

Hero and Leander. vii

Like to the tree of Tansalus she fled, over all blisse to N
And seeming lavish, sav'd her Maiden-head : F
Nere King more sought to keepe his Diadem, it and W
Than *Hero* this inestimable gem. uvol and obisn doidw
Above our life we love a steadfast friend, uvol and obisn doidw
Yet when a token of great worth we send, o vol nre F
We often kisse it, often looke thereon, p vols nre doidw
And stay the messenger that would be gon: vols nre A
No marvailc then, though *Hero* would not yeelds o A
So soone to part from that she dearely held. i w o no H
Iewels beene lost are found againe, this never, o il and
This lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever. o svi o S
Now had the morne espy'd her lovers steeds, i whilc
Wherat shce starts, puts on her purple weeds, iow o H
And red foranger that he staid so long, i vols nre doidw
All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among, o il
And now *Leander* fearing to be mist, o nchini lne encl
Imbrac't her suddenly, tooke leave, and kist. i s fda b e A
Long was he taking leave, and loath to goe, o s fda b e A
And kist againe as lovers use to doe : o nchini lne encl
Sad *Hero* wrung him by the hand and wept, o wedm D
Saying; Let your vowes and promises be kept. o vold D
Then standing at the doore, she turn'd about, n vnto n
As loath to see *Leander* going out. o vnto n
And now the Sunne that through th' orizon peepes, o A
As pittyng these lovers downewards creepes. o il o T
So that in silence of the clowdy night, o il o vof b n
Though it was morning did he take his flight : o vof b n
But when the secret trusty night conceal'd, o vof b n
Leanders amorous habite soone reveal'd, o vof b n
With Cupids Myrtle was his bonnet crown'd, o vof b n
About his armes the purple riband wound, o vof b n
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading haire, o vof b n

Nor.

Hero and Leander.

Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare
The sacred Ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chasity she vow'd,
which made his love through Sestos to be knowne,
And thence unto ~~abyd~~ sooner blowne,
Than he could fail, for incorporall fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the windes, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled aire thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foraine place, and straight from thence,
Alcides-like by mighty violence,
He would have chas'd away the swelling Maine
That him from her unjustly did detaine:
Like as the Sunne in a Diameter,
Fires and flames objects removed farre,
And heateth kindly shining lat'rally,
So beauty quickly quickens when it's nice,
But being separated and removed,
Burnes where it cheiflyt, murthers where it loved;
Therefore even as an *Index* to a booke,
So to his minde was young *Leanders* looke;
O none have power but gods their love to hide,
Affection by the count'rance is desride.
The light of hidden fire it selfe discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betraies poore lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seene,
Leanders father knew where he had beene,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his sonne,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begunne.
But love resisted once growes passionate,
And nothing more than Counsell lovers hate.

For

Hero and Leander.

For as a hot proud horse highly disdaines
To have his head controll'd, but breakes the raine,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hoves
Checks the submissive ground: so he that loves,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares,
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
O Hero, Hero, thus he cry'd full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where having spide her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toyling Hellespont
To part in twaine, that he might come and go;
But still the rising billowes answered no;
With that he stript him to the y'ry skinne,
And crying Love, I come, leapt lively in:
Whereat the Saphyr-visig'd god grew proud,
And made his capring Triton sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymed displeas'd,
Had left the heavens, therefore on him he scazd:
Leander striv'd, the waves about him wound,
And puld him to the botome, where the ground
Was strewd with pearle, and in low corrall groves,
Sweete singeing Mermaids sported with their loves,
On heapes of heavy gold, and tooke great pleasure,
To spurne in carelesse sort the shipwracke treasure:
For here the stately aztre palace stood,
Wherc Kingly Neptune and his traine abode,
The lusty god imbrac't him, call'd him Love,
And swore he never should returne to love:
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For under Water he was almost dead,
He heav'd him up, and looking on his face,
Beate downe the bold waves with his triple Mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kist him.

D

And

Hero and Leander. v. 1

And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being up, beganto swim,
And looking backe, saw Neptune follow him.
Wherat agast, the poore soule gan to cry,
O let me visit Hero ere I dye:
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arme,
And swore the sea should never doe him harme.
He claps his plumpes cheeckes, with his tresses plaid,
And smiling wantonly his love bewrayd,
He watcht his armes, and as they open'd wide,
At every stroake betwixt them would he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then run out, and dance,
And as he turn'd, cast many a lustfull glance,
And threw him gawdy toyes to please his eye
And dive into the water, and therce pry
Upon his breast, his thighes, and every lim,
And up againe, and close beside him swim:
And talke of love: Leander made reply,
You are deceiv'd, I am no woman I.
Thereat smil'd Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepheard sittting in a vale,
Plaid with a boy, so lovely, faire, and kinde,
As for his love both earth and heaven pind,
That of the cooling river durst not drinke,
Lest water-Nymphes should pull him from the brinke;
And when he spoited in the fragrant lawnes,
Goate-footed Satyrs, and upstarting Fawnes
Would steale him thence, ere halfe his tale was done.
Ay me, Leander cry'd, the enamour'd sunne,
That now should shine on Thetis glassie bower,
Descends upon my radiant Heras tower.
O that these tardy armes of mine were wings!
And as he spake upon the waves he springs;

Neptune

Hero and Leander.

Neptune was angry that he gave no care,
And in his heart revenging malice bear:
He flung at him his Mace, but as it went,
He cald it in, for love made him repent.
The Mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be vng'd for darting it.
When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he rew'd
The grieve which Neptune felt. In gentle breasts,
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pitty rests.
And who have hard hearts and obdurate mindes,
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illit' rat Hinds?
The god seeing him with pitty to be moved.
Thereon concluded that he was beloved.
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous)
With folly and false hope deluding us.
Wherfore Leanders fancy to surprize,
To the rich Ocean for gifts he flies.
Tis wisedome to give much, a gift prevails,
When deepe perwading oratory fails.
By this, Leander being neere the land,
Cast downe his weary feete and felte the sand,
Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitarie tower he got;
And knockt, and cald, at which celestiall noyse,
The longing heart of Hero much more joyes,
Then Nymphes & shepheards, when the timbrill rings,
Or crooked Dolphin when the sayler sings:
She staid not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunke with gladnesse to the doore she goes,
Where seeing a naked man she sciecht for feare,
Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,

Hero and Leander II

And ranne into the darke her selfe to hide,
Rich Jewels in the darke are sooneest spide,
Unto her was he led, or rather drawne,
By whose white lims which sparkled through the lawnes,
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed,
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint, and wan,

If not for love, yet love for pitte sake,
Me in thy bed and mayden boome take,
At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
Who hoping to inbrace thee cheerely srome.
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow,
Herewith affrighted Hero shrunke away,
And in her luke-warmie place Leander lay,
Whose lively heat like fire from heaven fet,
Would animate grosse clay, and hig her set
The dropping thoughts of base declining soules,
Then drery Mars carowing Nectar bowles,
His hands he cast upon her like a snare :
She overcome with shame and shallow feare,
Like chaste Diana when Acteon spide her.
Being suddenly betray'd, div'd downe to hide her,
And as her silverbody downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her owne minde thought her selfe secure,
Ore cast with dim and darksome coverture,
And she lets him whisper in her eare,
Flatter, intreate, promise, protest, and sweare.
Yet ever as he greedily assayd
To touch those dainties, she the Karpey plaid,
And every limbe did as a souldier stout,

Defend:

Hero and Leander.

Defend the Fort, and keepe the Foemen out: for
For though the rising Lv'ly mount be scal'd
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may terme this,
By which love sailes to regions full of blis;) Yet there with *Syssiphus* he toyl'd in vaine,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtaine.
She trembling strove, this strife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of unknowne joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she sought.
Seeming not wonne, yet won she was at length,
In such warres women use but halfe their strength:
Leander now, like *Theban Hercules*,
Entred the Orchard of th' *Hesperides*.
Whose fruite none rightly can dectibe but he,
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree;
Wherein *Leander* on her quivering breast,
Breathlesse, spoke something, and sigh'd out therest,
Which so prevail'd, as with small adoe
Inclos'd her in his armes, and kist her too,
And every kisse to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and she alas; (poore silly maiden)
(Poore silly maiden) at his mercy was.
Love is not full of pitty, (as men say)
But deafē and cruell where he meanest to praye.
Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.
And now we wisht this night were never done,
And sigh'd to thinke upon th' approaching sunne;
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light,
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,

Hero and Leander.

And then like Mars and Ericini displayd,
Both in each others armes chaind as they laid.
Againe, she knew not how to frame her looke,
Or speake to him, who in a moment tooke,
That which so long, so chearly she kept,
And faine by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving *Leander* in the bed alone :
But as her naked teete were whipping out,
He on the suddaine cling'd her so about,
That Mer-maid like unto the floore she slid,
One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her contenance be bold ye might
A kinde of twi-light break, which through the haire,
As from an orient cloud, glimse here and there.
And round about the chamber this false morne,
Brought forth the day before the day was borne.
So *Heroes* ruddy cheeke, *Herobetraid*,
And her all naked to his sight displaid.
VVhence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollo* golden harpe began
To sound forth musick to the Ocean,
VVhich watchfull *Hesperus* no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ran before as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mockt ugly night,
Till she oecome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd downe to hell her loathsome carriage.

The end of the second Sestylad.

The

Hero and Leander.



The Argument of the third S^t Y A D.

Leander to the envious light
Resignes his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont againes
Thetine the deity sovereigne
Of customes and religious rites,
Appeares, improving his delights,
Since Nuptiall honours be neglected,
Which straight he v owes shall be affected.
Faire Hero left Devirginate
Waies, and with fury wailes her state :
But with her love and womens wit,
She argues, and approveth it.



NEW light giues new directions, Fortunes new
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More haish, at least more hard)more grave and high,
Our subject runs, and our steme muse must fly,
Loves edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joycs, longings that before became
High unexperienc'd blood, and make sharpe plights
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That being enjoy'd, aske judgement, now we praise,
As having parted : Evenings c own the dayes.
And now ye wanton oves, and young desires,
Pyed vanity, the mint of strange attires,
Ye lisping flatteries, and obsequious glances,
Relentfull musicks, and attractive dances,
And you detested Charmes constraining love,
Shun loves stolne sports, by that these Lovers prove;

By

Hero and Leander.

By this the Soveraigne of Heavens golden fires,
And young Leander Lord of his desires,
Together from their Lovers armes arose,
Leander into Helle spoutus throwes
His Hero-handled body, whose delight,
Made him disdain each others Epithite.

And as amidst the enamoured waves he swims,
The god of gold a purpose guilt his lims,
That this word guilt including double fense,
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,
Might be exprest, that had no stay t'employ
The treasure which the Love-god let him joy
In his deare *Hero*, with such sacred thirst,
As had be seem'd to sanctifie a gift,
But like a greedy vulgar Prodigall,
Would on the stocke dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that unblessed blessing,
Which for lusts plague doth perish with possessing.

Joy graven in senoe, like snow in water wastes,
Without preserve of vertue nothing lasts.
What man is he, who with a wealthy eye,
Enjoyes a beauty richer than the sky?
Through whose white skin, softer thā the soundest sleep,
With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peepe,
And runs in branches through her azure veines,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attaines,
Whose both hands limmit, both Loves citieis,
And sweeten humanc thoughts like paradise,
Whose disposition silken is and kinde,
Directed with an earth exempted minde,
Who thinkes not heaven with such a love is given?
And who like earth would spend that power of heaven,
With ranke desire to joy it all at first?

What

Hero and Leander.

What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Cloathes but our nakednesse, and makes us live:
Praye doth not any of her favours give.
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparell, and Delicious cheare,
So ordered, that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freenessc to aspire
The palme of *Bounty*, ever moyst preserving,
To loves sweet life, this is the courtly carving.
Thus *Time*, and all-states-ordering *Ceremony*
Had banisht all offence; *Times* golden *Thigh*
Vpholds the flowry body of the Earth
In sacred Harmony, and every birth
Of men, and actions makes Legitimate
Being us'd aright, *the use of Time is Fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more,
This prize of Love home to his Fathers shore,
Vvhile he unlades himselfe of that false wealth,
That makes few rich, treasures compos'd by stealth,
And to his sister kinde *Hermione*,
(Who on the shore kneeled, praying to the *Sea*
For his returne) hee all Loves good did shew
In *Hero* scaz'd for him, in him for *Hero*.

His most *kind* sister all his secrets Knew,
And to her singing like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth that to their tombes tooke in
Streanies Dead for Love, to leave his Ivory skin,
Vvhich yet a snowy some did leave above.
As soule to the Dead water that did Love,
And from thence did the first white Roses spring,
(For Love is sweet and fayre in every thing)
And all the sweetned shore as he did goe,
VWas crown'd with odorous Roses white as snow.

Hero and Leander.

Love-blest *Leander* was with love so filled,
That love to all that toucht him he instilled.
And as the colour of all things we see,
To our fightis powers communicated be;
So to all objects that in compasse came,
Of any sence he had, his sences flame
Flow'd from his parts, with force so virtuall,
It fir'd with sence things meere insensuall.
Now (with warme baths and odors comforted)
VWhen he lay downe he kindly kist his bed,
As consecrating it to *Heroes* right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in minde of *Hero* or her blisse,
Should be the altar to preferre a kisse.
Then laid he forth his late enriched armes,
In whose white circle Love wri^t all his charmes,
And made his Characters sweet *Heroes* lims,
VWhen on his brests warme sea she sideling swims,
And as those armes (held up in circle) met,
He said, See sister, *Heroes* Carquenet,
VWhich she had rather weare about her necke,
Than all the jewells that doe *Juno* deeke. *Here I believe
M. Lowe
ended.*
— But as she shook with passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A musick so divine did pierce his eare,
As never yet his ravish't fence did heare,
VWhen suddenly a light of twenty hiews
Brake through the roofe, and like the Rain-bow views,
Amaz'd *Leander*, in whose beames came downe
The goddesse Ceremony with a Crowne
Of all the starres, and heaven with her descended,
Her flaming haire to her bright feete extended;
By which hung all the bench of Deities,

And

Hero and Leander.

And in a chaine compact of eares and eyes,
She led Religion, all her body was
Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse; ,
For as she was presented to the sence,
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,
Her shadowes were Society, Memory,
All which her sight made live, her absence dye.
A rich disparant pantacle she weares,
Drawne full of circles and strange characters ;
Her face was changeable to every eye,
One way lookt ill, another graciously,
Which while men view'd, they cheereful were & holy,
But looking off, vicious and melancholy :
The snaky paths to each observed law,
Did *Policy* in her broad bosome draw :
One hand a Mathematicke Chrystall swayes,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rayes
From her bright eyes, *Confusion* burnes to death
And all estates of men extinguisheth:
By it *Morality* and *Comlinesse*,
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress,
Her other hand a Lawrell rod applyes,
To beate backe Barbarisme and *Avarice*,
That followed eating earth and excrement,
And humane limbis, and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, where *Ceremony* slaine,
The *Houres* and *Graces* bore her glorioustraine,
And all the sweetes of our society,
Were sphered and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appeard, and sharply did reprove
Leanders bluntnesse in his violent love,
Told him how poore was substance without rites,
Like Bils unsign'd, desires without delights;

Hero and Leander.

Like meates unseasou'd, like ranke Corne that growes
On Cottages, that none or Reapes or sowes,
Not being with civil formes confirm'd and bounded,
For humane Dignities and comforts founded;
But loose and secret all their glories hide:
Feare fils the chamber, Darknesse deckes the Bride.

She vanish't, leaving pearst *Leanders* heart
VVith fence of his unceremonious part;
In which, with playne neglect of Nuptiall Rites,
He close and flatly fell to his Delights:
And instantly hee vow'd to Celebrate
All Rites pertayning to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his Father goes,
To whose glad cares he doth his Vowes disclose:
The Nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power,
And he at night would swimme to *Heroes* tower.
From whence hee meant to *Sestos* forged Bay
To bring her covertly, where *Ships* must stay,
Sent by her father throughly Rigg'd and Manc'd,
To waft her safelie to *Abydus* strand.
There leave we him, and with fresh wing pursue
Astonisht *Hero*, whose most wished view
I thus long have forborne, because I left her,
So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her.

To looke on one abafte is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deepe a sence.
Her blushing het her Chamber, shée lookt out,
And all the ayre she purpled round about,
And after it a foule blacke Day befell,
Which ever since a red Morne doth fore-tell,
And still renewes our woes for *Heroes* woe,
And foule it prov'd because it figur'd so,
The next nights horrour, which prepare to heare,

I fayle,

Hero and Leander.

Ifayle, if it prophane your daintiest Eare.

Then how most strangely, intellequall fire,
That proper to my Soule haft power t'inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the VVings
Of thy unspheared flame visitst the Springs.
Of spirits immortall. Now (as swift as time
Doth follow Motion) find th'eternall clime
Of his free Soule, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pyrenean flood,
And Drunk to me halfe this Muscan story,
Inscribing it to Deathlesse memory,
Conter with it, and make my pledge as Deepe,
That neythers Draught be consecrate to sleepe.
Tell it how much his late Desires I tender,
(If yet I know not) and to Delight surrender
My Soules darke off-spring, willing it should dye
To Loves, to Passions, and Societ.

Sweet Hero left upon her Bed alone,
Her mayden-head, her Vowes, Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new come thoughts, that yet she never Knew,
Even to her selfe a stranger was, much like
Th'iberian City, that VVars hand did strike
By English force, in princely Essex guide,
When peace assur'd her towers had fortifide,
And golden singred India had bestow'd
Such wealth on her, that strength and Empire flow'd
Into her turrets, and her Virgin waste,
The wealthy girdle of the Sea imblaste,
Till our Leander that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft Love sutes, with yron thunders chid:
Swum to her townes, dissolv'd her Virgins zone,
Led in his power, and made Confusion.

Hero and Leander.

Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd
She had not beene in her owne wals inclos'd,
But rapt by wonder to some forraigne state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,
And all her peacefull mansions possest
With wars just spoyle, and many a forraigne guest,
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So far'd faire *Hero* in th' expugned fort,
Other chaste bosome, and of every sort
Strange thoughts possest her, ransacking her breast,
For that which was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight, and bore with paine,
Thoughts that spake streight, and wisht their mother
She hates their lives, & they their own & hers: (slaine:
Such strife still growes where sin the race preferres.

Love is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils us with extremes.
She mus'd how she could looke upon her fire,
And not shew that without, that was intire.
For as a glasse is an inanimate eye,
And outward formes imbraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glasse that shewes,
Informes without us: and as *Phœbus* throwes
His beames abroad, though he in clouds be clos'd,
Still glancing by them, till he finde oppos'd,
A loose and rorid vapour, that is fit
To event his searching beames, and useth it
To forme a tender twenty-coloured cyc,
Cast in a circle round about the sky.
So when our fiery soule our bodies starre,
(That ever is in motion circular)
Concivcs a fornic, in seeking to display it,

Through

Hero and Leander.

Through all our clowdy parts, it doth conveigh it
For at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event uncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her lookes have wrought ;
For yet the worlds stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foule thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly slight,
To make a perfect metall counterfeit,
Glad to disclaime her selfe, proud of an *Art*,
That makes the face a pander to the heart,
Those be his painted Moones, whose lights profane
Beauties true heaven, at full still in their wan.
Those be the Lapwing faces that still cry,
Here tis, when that they vow, is nothing nigh.
Base fooles, when every morish foole can teach
That which men thinke the height of humanc reach,
But custome that *Apoplexy* is,
Of bed-red nature, and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not *Heroes* brow with impudence :
And this she thought most hard to bring to passe,
To seeme in countenance other than she was ;
As if she had two soules, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place,
As either list to utter or conceale.
What they conceiv'd, or as one soule did deale,
With both affaires at once, keepes and ejects.
Both at an instant contrary affects,
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike for this one vice of ours.
That formes the thought, and swayes the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.
These and more grave conceites toyl'd *Heroes* spirits:
For though the light of her discursive wits.

Hero and Leander.

Perhaps might finde some little hole to passe
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet (alas)
There was a heavenly flame incompaſt her,
Her goddeſſe, in whose phane ſhe did preſerie
Her Virgin vowes, from whose impulſive ſight,
She knew, the blacke shield of the darkeſt night
Could not Defend her, nor wits ſubtill'ſt art:
This was the poynſt pierſt Hero to the heart,
VVho heavy to the Death, with a deepe ſigh
And hand that languiſht, tooke a Robe was nigh
Exceeding large, and of blacke Cyppreſſe made,
In which ſhe ſate, had from the Day in ſhade,
Even over head and face downe to the feet,
Her left hand made it at her bosome meet:
Her right hand leant on her heart bowing Knees,
VVrapt in unshapefull folds, was Death to ſee
Her Knees stayd that, and that her falling face
Each limbe helpt other to put on Disgrace.
No forme was ſeen, where forme held all her ſight,
But like an Embrion that ſaw never light,
Or like a scorched Statue made a Coale,
With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched ſoule
Muftled with endleſſe darkneſſe, ſhe did ſit,
The night had never ſuch a heavy ſpirit.
Yet might an imitating Eye well ſee,
How fast her cleare teares melted on her Knees,
Through her blacke Vayle, and turnd as black as it,
Mouning to be her teares, then wrought her wit,
With her broak vow, her goddeſſe wrath, her fame,
All tooles that engiuious Delpayre could frame.
Which made her ſtrow the floore with her torn hayre,
And spread her mantle preece-meale in the ayre.

Hero and Leander.

Like loves sons club, strong passion strook her downe,
And with a pitious shrieke intorst her swoune,
Her shrieke, made with another shrieke asead
The frighted Matron that on her did tend,
And as with her owne cry, the fence was slaine,
So with the other it was caſt d againe.
She rose, and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her downe evē where Leander lay:
And all this while the red ſea of her blood
Ebb'd with Leander, but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of Spirits came ſwelling in
With child of ſayle, and did hot fight begin,
With thofe ſevere conceits, ſhe too much markt,
And her Leander beauties were imbankt.
He came in ſwimming, painted all with joyes,
Such as might ſweeten hell, his thought deſtroyes;
All her deſtroying thoughts ſhe thought ſhe felt,
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chide her ſoule that it could ſo much erre,
To checke that trac' joyes ſhe deſerv'd in her,
Her fresh heat-blood caſt figures in her eyes,
And ſhe ſuppos'd ſhe ſaw in Neptunes ſkies,
How her ſtarre wandred, waſht in smarting brind,
For her loves ſake, that with immortall wine,
Should be imbath'd and ſwim in more hearts eaſe,
Then there was water in the ſeſtian ſeas.
Then ſaid her Cupid prompted ſpirit, Shall I
Sing moanes to luch delightfull harmony?
Shall ſlick't tongue fame parcht up with voyces rude,
The drunken baſtard of the multitude,
(Begot when father judgement is away,
And goſſip-like ſaiſt, because other ſay,
Take newes, as it it were too hot to eat,

F

And

Hero and Leander.

And spits it slavering forth for dog-feces meat;
Make me for forging a phantaſtikc vow,
Preſume to beare what makes grave Matrons bow; ;
Good vowes are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad, vowes are but ſeeds,
And good deeds fruits, evē thoſe good deeds that grow
From other stocks, then from th' obſerved vow;
That is a good deed that prevents a bad,
Had I not yeelded, ſlaine my ſelfe I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander, Hero,,
Such vertue love hath to make one of two.
If then *Leander* did my maiden head git,
Leanders being my ſelfe, I ſtill retaine it.
We bieake chaste vowes when we live looſely ever,
But bound as wee are, wee live looſely never,
Two conſtant Love is being joyn'd in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblinde us,
And vowes made ignorantly never binde us.
Too true it is, that when 'tis gone, men hate.
The joyes as vaine they tooke in loves eſtate,
But that's, ſince they have lost, the heavenly light.
Should ſhew them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, eath muſt implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, ſo love to error:
Before we love, how range we through this ſphere,
Searching the ſundry fancies hunted here,
Now with deſire of wealth tranſported quite.
Beyond our free humanities delight.
Now with ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to ſcale, our fear to falldevoures,
Now rapt with paſtimes, pompe, all joyes impure,
In ſhing without us, no delight is ſure.

But

Hero and Leander.

But love with all joyes crown'd within doth fit.
O goddesse pity, love and pardon it,
Thus spake he weeping, but her goddesse eare
Bura'd with too stern a heate, and would not heare.
Ay me, hath heavens straight fingerets no more graces
For such a *Hero*, then for homeliest faces?
Yet he hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit
Waying her arguments shee thought them weight,
And that the Logicke of *Leanders* beauty,
And them together would bring profes of duty;
And if her soule that was a skilfull glance
Of heavens great essence, found such imperance
In her loves beauties, she had confidence,
Love lov'd him too, and pardon'd her offence.

Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigour, and it lessens sinne.
Thus her sharpe wit, her love, her secrecie,
Trouping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the Temple?
Her health, said she, must live, her sexe dissemble;
She view'd *Leanders* place, and wisht he were,
Turn'd to his place, to his Place were *Leander*.
Ay me (said she) that loves sweete love and sence
Should doe it harme, my love had not gone hence,
Had he beeene like his place. O blessed place,
Image of Constancy. Thus my loves grace
Parts nowhere, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renownes his kinde,
His motion is like heavens Orbiculer,
For where he once is he is ever there.
This place was mine, *Leander* now it is thine,
Thou being my selfe, then it is double mine,
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* miac.

Hero and Leander.

O see what Wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him,
For I am is it, bec for me doth swimme
Rich fruitfull Love, that doubling selfe estates,
Elixar-like contracts, though separates.
Deare place, I kisse thee, and doe welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me.

The end of the second Sestiad.



^{fourth} *The Argument of the third Sestiad.*

Hero in sacred habite deckt;
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarfes description wrought by fate,
Ostents that threaten her estate,
The strange, yet physicall events,
Leanders counterfeit presents.
In thunder, Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers ends:
Ecce the goddesse of remorse,
With vocall and articulare force,
Inspires Leucote, Venus swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wryke his rites abusess,
Creates the monster Eronofus;
Inflaming Heroes sacrifice,
With lightning darted from her eyes,
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That ever since taints every breast.

NOW from Leanders place she rose and found
Her haire and rent robe scattered on the ground,
Which

Hero and Leander

Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon an Altar, where, in youth of day
She usde t' exhibite private Sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the Deities
Of her faire Goddess, and her powerfull sonne,
As reliques of her late felt passion,
And in that holy fort she vow'd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her loves holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious Weeds,
That deckt her in her secret sacred deedes,
A crowne of *I*sickles, that Sunne nor fire
Could ever melt, and figur'd strange desire.
A golden starre shia'd in her naked breast,
In honour of the Queene light of the East..
In her right hand she held a silver Wand,
On whose bright top *Per*-*ster*a did stand,
Who was a Nymph, but now transform'd a Dove,
And in her life was deare in *Venus* love:
And for her sake she ever since that time clime;
Chus'd Doves to draw her coach through heavens bluc
Her plenteous haire in curled billowes swims
On her bright shoulder, her harmonious limbs,
Sustain'd no more but a more subtle vayle
That hung on them; as it durst not assayle
Their different concord; for the weakest ayre
Could raise ie swelling from her beauteous faire,
Nor did it cover, but adumbrade onely
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye,
Might see (as it did shaddow) fearfully,
All that all love deserving Paradise,
It was as blew as the most freezing sticke,

Hero and Leander.

Neere the seas hew, from thence her goddesse came,
On it a skarf she wore of wondrous frame,
In midst whereot she wrought a Virgins face,
From whose each cheeke a fiery blush did chase,
Two crimson flames, that did two waies extend,
Spreading the ample skarf to either end,
Which figur'd the division of her minde,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander.

This serv'd her white necke for a purple sphere,
And cast it selfe at full breadth downe her backe.
There (since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leanders lips.)
She wrought a sea in one flame full of Ships,
But that one ship where all her wealth did passe,
(Like simple Merchants goods) Leander was;
For in that Sea she naked figured him,
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each threed did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live:

*Things senselesse live by Art, and rationall dye,
By rude contempt of art and industry.*

Scarce could she worke, but in her strength of thought,
She fear'd she prickt Leander as she wrought,
And oft would shrieke so, that her Guardian frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischiefe cited.

*They double life that dead things grieve sustaine,
They kill that feele not their friends living paine.*

Sometimes she feard he sought her infamy,
And then as she was working of his eyc,
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill,
But as she prickt it grew more perfect still.

In fling attempts no serious acts advance.

The fire of love is drawnne by alliance.

Hero and Leander.

In working his faire necke he did so grace it,
She still was working her owne armes to embrace it,
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen,
Above the streme, and with a pure Sea-greene
She did so quiently shadow every lim,
All might be scene beneath the waves to swim.

In this conceited skarfe she wrought beside
A Moone in change, and shooting starres did glide,
In number after her with bloody beames,
Which figur'd her affets in their extremes.
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply :
For maidstake more delight when they prepare,
And thinke of wives states, then when wives they are..
Beneath all these, she wrought a Fisher-man,
Drawing his nets from forth the Ocean,
Who drew so hard, yet might discover well,
The toughned sinewes in his necke did swell,
His inward straines drew out his blood-shot eyes;
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise,
Yet was of nought, but of a Serpent sped,
That in his bosome flew, and stung him dead,
And this by fate into her minde was sent,
Not wrought by meere instinct of her intent.
At the *skarfes* other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forke poynt of the divided flame,
A Countrey Virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving Grashopper,
And by her lay he skippeth that nourisht her.
Within a Mirtle shade she sate and sung,
And tufts of wavering Reeds about her sprung,
Where lurk't two foxes, that while she applyde

Her

Hero and Leander.

Her trifling snares their theueries did divide
One to the Vine, another to her skrip,
That she did negligently over-slip,
By which her fruitfull Vine, and wholesome fare,
She suffered spoyl'd, to make a childish snare :
These ominous fancies did her soule expresse,
And every finger made a Prophetesse,
To shew what death was hid in loves disguise,
And make her judgement conquer destinies.

O what sweete formes faire Ladies soules doe shroud,
Were they made scene and forced through their blood
If through their beauties like rich worke through lawne
They would set forth their mindes with vertues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their yas thoughts with industry ;
That their plyed wits in numbred silkes must sing
Passions huge conquest, and their needlessse leading
Affection prisoner through their owne built Cities,
Pinnion'd with Stories aud Arachnean Ditties:

Proceed wee now with *Heroes* sacrifice,
She odours burnt, and from their smoake did rise
Vnsavory fumes, that aire with plagues inspired,
And then the consecrated sticks she fired,
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beate it downe still as it upward grew.
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflam'd them, then they burn'd as blood,
All sad ostents of that too neere successe,
That made such moving beauties motionlesse :
Then *Hero* wept, but her affrighted eyes,
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt

Hero and Leander.

Mis lovely picture which when sic had view'd,
Her beauties were with all love joyes renew'd,
The Odors sweetned, and the fires burn'd cleere,
Leanders forme left no ill object there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it knowne.
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits,
For study lost intomb'd in drossie spirits,
After this accident (which to her glory,
Hero could not but make a b' story)
Th' inhabitants of *Sestus* and *Abidus*,
Did every yeare with feasts propitious
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice,
And they were persons of especiall price,
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T'enrich their houses, for the containement
Of the strange vertues all approv'd it held,
For even the very looke of it repeld
All blastings, witch-crafts, and the strifes of nature,
In those diseases that no hearbes could cure.
The woolfie king of avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountifull;
It kild the feare of thunder and of death,
The discords that concerte ingendereth
Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease,
The flames of love it quencht; and would increase,
Held in a Princes hand, it would put out
The dreadfullst Comet, it would end all doubt
Of threatened mischieves, it would bring asleepe
Such as were mad, it would enforce to weepe
Most barbarous eycs, and many more effects

Hero and Leander.

This picture wrought, and sprung *Leander's* flocks,
Of which was *Hero* first; For he whole forme
(Held in her hand) eleer'd such a fatall storme,
From hell she thought her person would defend her,
Which night and *Hellespont* would quickly send her:
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite,
All thought of any cheeke to her delight,
And in contempt of silly bashfulnesse
She would the faith of her desires professe,
Where her religion should be policy,
To follow love with zeale her piety,
Her Chamber her Cathedrall Church shall be,
And her *Leander* her chiefe deity.
For in her love these did the gods forgoe,
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her selfe greatest part,
That she did make her god, and 'twas lesse nought,
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life, for therein lies
Most of her duties, and their dignities,
And raille the braine-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand *Atheisme* that reignes in't still.
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with faire pretext,
Love would not leave her conscience perplext,
Great men that will have lesse doe for them still,
Must beare them out, though th' acts be ne're so ill.
Meanness must pander be to Excellence,
Pleasure attones Falshood and Conscience,
Dissembling was the worst (thought *Herathen*)
And that was best, she now must live with men:

Over-

Hero and Leander.

O vertuous love that taught her to doe best,
When she did worst, and when she thought it least.
Thus would she still proceede in workes divine,
And in her sacred state of Priest-hood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did *loves* thunder hold,
And neede not feare those menaces of errour,
Which she at others threw with greatest terrour.
O lovely *Hero*, nothing is thy sin,
Waid with those oulfe faults other Priests are in,
That having neither faiths, nor workes, nor beauties,
T'engender any sence for slubberd duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chaires,
And sweat denouncement' gainst prophane affaires,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the onely fathers of the graces.

Now as with settled minde they did repaire
Her thoughts to sacrifice, her ravisht haire
And hertorne robe which on the altar lay,
And onely for Religions fire did stay.
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a valley as the world did threaten,
Given *Venus* as she parted th'ayry spheare,
Descending now to chide with *Hero* here:
When suddenly the goddesse waggoners,
The swans and turtles that in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds bosomes draw her influence,
Lighted in *Heroes* window, and from thence
To her faire shoulders flew the gentle doves,
Gracefull *Adone* that sweet pleasure loves,
And ruf-foote *Chreste* with a tufted crowne,
Both which did kisse her, though their goddesse frown;
The Swans did in the solid floud her glasse

Hero and Leander.

Proine up their plumes, of which the fairest was,
Love-lov'd Lencore, that pure brightnesse is,
The other bounty-loving Daphnis.
All were in heaves, now they with *Hero* were,
But *Venus* looke brought wrath, and urged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,
And through her naked breast shin'd stremes of fire,
As when the rarefied aire is driven
In flasing stremes, and opes the darkned heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of Yew she bore,
And breaking th'icy wreath sweet *Hero* wore,
She forst about her browes her wreath of Yew,
And said, now minion to thy fate be true;
Though not to me, endure what this portends,
Beginne where lightnesse will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning, thou art currant now,
By being counterfeit, thy broken vow,
Deceite with her pyde garters must rejoyn,
And with her stampe thou count'nances must toyne
Coyne, and impure deceites for purities.
And still a Maid will seeme in coozened eyes,
And have an anticke face to laugh within,
While thy smooth lookes makes men digest thy sin.
But siace thy lips (lest thought forsworne) forswore,
Be never Virgins now with trusting more.
When beauties dearest did her goddesse heare,
Breath such rebukes 'gainst that she could not cleere,
Dumbe sorrow spake alowd in teares and blood,
That from her grieve burst veines in pitteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favoure fell,
The gentle turtles did with moane make swell
Their shining goinges, the white blacke-sy'd Swans
Did sing as woefull Epicidians.

AS

Hero and Leander.

As they would streight-waies die, when pitties Queen,
The goddesse *Ere* that had ever beeene
Hid in the watry cloud nere *Heroes* cryes,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright *Lencote* voyce, and made her speake,
To easc her anguish, whose swolne breast did breake
With anger at her goddesse that did touch
Hero so nere, for that she us'd so much,
And thrusting her white necke at *Venus*, said,
Why may not amorous *Hero* seeme a maid,
Though she be none, as well as you suppresse,
In modest cheekes you inward wantonnesse?
How often have we drawne you from above,
T'exchange with mortals, ritos for rites in love?
Why in your Priest then call you that offence,
That shines in you, and in your influence?
With this the furies stopt *Leucetes* lips,
Enjoyn'd by *Venus*, who with rosie whips
Beate the kinde Bird : Fierce lightning from hereyes
Did set on fire faire *Heroes* sacrifice,
Which was her torne robe, and enforced haire.
And the bright flame became a maid most faire.
For her aspect, her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts set all on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get releast,
Her armes were all with golden pinsers drest,
And twenty fashion'd knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girt with painted Snakes.
Her downe parts in a Scorpionstaile combin'd,
Freckled with twenty colours, py'd wings shia'd
Out of her shoulders. Cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewed eye,
In scorching *Turky, Cares, Tartary,*

Hero and Leander.

Then shin'd about this spirit notorious,
Nor was *Arachnes* web so glorious:
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot,
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronusius*, *Venus* flew
From *Heroes* sight, and at her Chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steepe a hight,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings, and then she bad her haste,
Since *Hero* had dissembled, and disgrac't
Her rites so much, and every brest infe&
With her deceits, she made her Architect
Of all dissimulation, and since then
Never was any trust, in maides or men.

O it spighted
Faire *Venus* heart to see her most delighted,
And one she chus'd for tempter of her mind,
To be the onely ruler of her kind,
So soone to let her virgine race be ended,
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that for strife for chastnesse with the Moone,
Spightfull *Diana* bade her shew but one
That was her servant vowed and liv'd a maid,
And now she thought to answer that upbraid:
Hero had lost her answer, who knowes not
Venus would seeme as farre from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
Twixt *Cynthia's* browes? sin is afham'd of sin.
Up *Venus* flew, and scarce durst up for feare
Of *Phæbus* laughter, when she past her sphere,
And so most ugly clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day, night came ere night,
And *Venus* could not through the thicke airc pierce,

Till

Hero and Leander.

Till the daies king, god of undanted Verse,
Because she was so plentifull a theame,
To such a woe his Lawrell *Academie* ;
Likd to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That being not throughly rarified to raine,
Melted like pitch as blew as any veine,
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrinke
Vnder their fervour, and the world did thinke,
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierst so deeply, and it burnid so blew.

Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held
Leanders picture as a Persian shield,
And she was free from feare of worst successse :
The more ill threats us we suspect the lesse.
As we grow haplesse, violence subtle growes,
Dumb, deafe, & blind, and comes when no man knows.

The end of the fourth Sestiad.



The Argument of the fifth Sestiad.

Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As loath the night, incenst by fate,
Should wrake our Lovers, Heroes plight
Longs for Leander and the night,
Which ere her thirsty wish recoveres,
She sends for two betrothed Lovers,
And marries them, that (with their crue
Their spores and ceremonies due)
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy her owne estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears

The

Hero and Leander.

The wilde Nymph Teras, that still beares
An Ivory Lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemne Festivals.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leanders stay.
Sol, and the soft-foote Houres hung on his armes,
And would not let him swim, fore-seeing his harmes.
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd
Of her lovd Phæbus, she his horses rai'd
Set on his golden knee, and as she lift,
She pul'd him backe, and as she pul'd, she kist,
To have him turne to bed, he lov'd her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore:
Examples profit much, ten times in one,
In persons full of note good deeds are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleepe,
The heavy humours that their eyes did steepe,
Made them fear mischifes. The hard streets were beds
For covetous Churles, and for ambitious heads,
That spight of Nature would their businesse ply.
All thought they had the falling Epilepsie,
Men groveld so upon the smother'd ground,
And pity did the heart of heaven confound:
The gods, the graces, and the muses came
Downe to the Destinies to stay the frame
Of the true lovers deaths, and all worlds teares,
But death before had stopt their cruell cares.
All the Celestials parted mourning then,
Pierst with our humane miseries, more than men
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.
With their descent the day grew something faire,

And

Hero and Leander.

And cast a brighter robe upon the aire,
Hero to shorten time for merriment,
For young *Alcmane*, and bright *Mya* sent ;
Two Lovers that had long crav'd marriage dues
At *Heroes* hands ; but she did still refuse :
For lovely *Mya* was her consort vow'd
In her maid state, and therefore nor allow'd
To amorous Nuptials : yet faire *Hero* now
Intended to dispence with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her :
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came ; sweet musick usher'd th' odorous way,
And wanton aire in twenty sweet formes danc't,
After her fingers ; beauty and love advanc't
Their Ensignes in the downlesse rofic faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these *Hero* made a friendly feast,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the meanes she might,
That when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pitty sit,
She married them, and in the banquet came,
Borne by the Virgins ; *Hero* striv'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Ay me, but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced blis :
I'll may a sad minde forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sinkes,
Who feares the threats of fortune, let him drink.
To these quicke Nuptials entred suddenly,
Admired *Teras*, with the Ebon Thye,

Hero and Leander.

A Nymph that haunted the greene *Sestian* groves,
And would consort soft Virgins in their loves.
At gay some triumphes, and on solemne dayes,
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes :
And fingring of a silver Lute she tide
With blacke and purple skarfes by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withall,
And she was term'd his dwarfe, she was so small,
Yet great in vertue, for his beames inclos'd
His vertues in her, never was propos'd
Riddle to her, or augury strange or new,
But she resolv'd it, never slight tale flew
From her char'rd lips, without important sence,
Shew'n in some grave succeeding consequence.
This little Silvane with her songs and tales,
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though oft-times she fore-went tragedies,
Yet for her strangenesse still she pleas'd her eycs,
And for her smalnesse they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfe& borne, and could not grow.

All eyes were on her ; *Herodid* command
An altar deckt with sacred state should stand
At the feasts upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty Nymph may fitte spide.
Then all were silent, every one so heares,
As all their sences climb'd into their eares ;
And first this amorous tale that fitted well,
Faire *Hero* and the nuptials she did tell.

The Tale of Teras.

Hymen that now is god of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honour Love and his delights,
Of *Athens* was a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race,

Such

Hero and Leander.

Such quickning brightnesse did his cleere ey's dart,
Warne went their beames to his beholders heart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your Nuptiall contracts were first sign'd.
For as proportion white and crimson meet
In beauties mixture, all right cleere and sweet,
The eyes responsible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire;
All spring together, all together fade:
Such intermixt affection should invade
Two perfect Lovers, which being yet unseene,
Their vertues and their comforts copyed been,
In beauties concord, subiect to the eye,
And that in *Hymen* pleas'd so matchlesly,
That Lovers were esteem'd in their full gracie:
Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face,
And such sweet concord was thought worthy them
Of torches, musicke, feasts, and greatest men;
So *Hymen* lookt, that even the chasteft mind,
He moov'd to joyne in joyes of sacred kind,
For onely now his chias first downe consorted,
His heads rich fleece in golden curlcs contorted:
And as he was so lov'd, he lov'd so too:
So should best beauties bound by Nuptials doc.

Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men said,
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian Damsels, *Hymen* lov'd
With such transmission, that his heart remov'd
From his white breast to hers, but her estate
In passing his, was so interminate
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but fight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requitall, the grand prize of love,

Hero and Leander.

Nor could he hearc or see, but he must prove,
How his rare beauties musicke will agree
With Maids in consort ; therefore robbed he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And clad in such attire as Virgins wore ;
He kept them company, and might right well,
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell
In all the faire of beauty, yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne desires implanted.
In his deare *Eucharis*, for women never
Love beauty in their Sex, but envy ever:
His judgement yet (that durst not fuit addresse,
Nor past due meanes, presume of due successse)
Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed
To his best prycs, but strange it seem'd indeed,
That fortune should a chaste affection blesse,
Preferment *seldome* *graceth* *baſhfulneſſe*.
Nor grac'd it *Hymen* yet, but many a dart
And many enamorous thought inthrald his heart,
Ere he obtaind her, and he sicke became,
Forc'd to abstaine her sight, and then the flame
Rag'd in her bosome. O what griefe did fill him !
Sight made him sicke, and want of sight did kill him.
The Virgins wondred where *Dietia* staid,
For so did *Hymen* terme himselfe a Maid :
At length, with sickly lookes he greeted them,
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreame stremme,
A Lover strives, poore *Hymen* look'd so ill,
That as in merit he increased still,
By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd,
Women are most wonne, when men merit least :
If merit looke not well, love bids stand by,
Loves speciall lesson is to please the eye.
And:

Hero and Leander.

And *Hymen* foone recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these Maides, but himselfe most.
His Love and he, with many Virgin-Dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
Leaving the towne with songs and hallow'd lights,
To doe great *Ceres Eleusina* rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a pray
To barbarous Rovers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforc't their shining spoyle
Earre from the darkned City tir'd with toyle.
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trouping forth, jealous of cruelty,
To their bright fellowes of the under heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven,
A horid Cave, the theves blacke mansion,
Where weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last nights watch, & drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with silke chaines,
Stronger than Iron, and bound their swelling veines,
And tired senses of these lawlesse Swaines:
But when the Virgin lights thus dimly burn'd,
O what a hell was Heaven in! how they mourn'd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle formes
Into the shapes of sorrow: golden stormes
Fell from their eyes; as when the sunne appeares
And yet it raines, so shew'd their eyes their teares.
And as when funerall Dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
How little foode he ate, what he would say;
And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,
Smooth'ring themselves in clouds of their owne breath:
At length one cheering other, all for wine,

Hero and Leander.

The golden bowle drinke teares out of their eyne,
As they drinke wine from it, and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes :
So cast these Virgins beauties mortall rayes,
One lights another, face the face displayes,
Lips by reflexion kist, and hands hands shooke,
Even by the whitenesse each of other tooke.

But *Hymen* now us'd friendly *Morpheus* aid,
Slue every thiefe, and resceu'd every maid :
And now did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more strong,
And now came *Love* with *Proteus*, who had long
Juggl'd the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win loves stay with him, and make him love him :
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move
To make him love, or stay, he nimblly turn'd (him,
Into *Loves* selfe, he so extreamly burn'd.
And thus came *Love* with *Proteus* and his pow'r,
T'encounter *Eucharis*, first, like the flowre,
That *Junoes* milke did spring the silver Lilly,
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who streight did spy
The bounteous god-head, and with wondrous joy
Offered in *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy,
Drew backe her hand, the subtile flower did woe it,
And drawing it neere, mixt so she could not know it.
As two cleere tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lilly, and the hand their white ;
She view'd it, and her view the forme bestowes
Amongst herspirits, for as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
Even so with colours formes emitted be,

And

Hero and Leander.

And where Loves forme is, love is, love is forme:
He entred at the eye his sacred storme.
Rose from the hand, loves sweetest instrument.
It stird her bloods sea so, that high it went,
And beate in bashfull waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheekes, it rag'd the more,
Because their tide went 'gainst the haughty wind.
Other estate and birth, and as we finde
In fainting ebs, the flowry Zephire hurles.
The greene hair'd *Hellespont* broke in silver curles
'Gainst *Heroes* tower, but in his blasts retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale,
So ebb'd and flowed in *Eucharis* face,
Coynesse and Love striv'd which had greatest grace,
Virginity did fight on Coy nessse side,
Feare of her Parents frownes, and female pride,
Lothing the lower place more than it loves
The high contents desert and vertue moves.
With love fought *Hymens* beauty, and his valure,
Which scarce could so much valure yet allure
To come to strike, but famelesse idle stood.
Action is fiery walours soueraigne good.
But love once entred, wisht no greater ayd,
Than he could finde within, thought, thought betrayd
The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison;
Sung to *Hymen*, there those songs begun,
And Love was growne so rich with such a gaine,
And wanton with the ease of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her roughest frownes
To turne them out, and thus he *Hymen* crownes
King of his thoughts, mans greatest Emperie:

This

Hero and Leander.

This was his first brave step to deity.
Home to the mourning City they reparie,
With newes as wholesome as the morning aire,
To the sad parents of each saved maid,
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.

Because the Parents of chaste *Eucharis*
Exceeding *Hymens* so, might crosse their blisse,
And as the world rewards desarts, that law
Cannot assist with force, so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their owne,
Praise *Hymens* valour much, nothing bestowne,
Hymen must leave the Virgins in a grove
Farre off from *Atbens*, and goe first to prove
If to restore them all with tame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wifc.
This told to all the maids, they most agree
The riper knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a newes so farre deriv'd,
And that to heare and beare newes brave folke liv'd,
As being a carriage speciall hard to beare
Occurrents, these occurrents being so deare;
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their complement
For *Hymens* good, but to incurre their harme,
There he must pardon them!: this wit went warme,
To *Adeles* braine, a Nymph borne high,
Made all of voyce and fire; that upwards flic,
Her heart and all her forces nether traine,
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,
Since it could goe no higher, and it must goe,
All powers she had, even her tongue did so,

Hero and Leander.

In spirit and quicknesse she much joy did take,
And lov'd her tongue onely for quicknesse sake,
And she would haute and tell. The rest all stay,
Hymen goes on, the Nymph another way :
And what became of her Ile tell at last,
Yet take her visage now, moyst lipp, long fac'd,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharpe and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave loves heart.
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her,
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now preferre
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspir'd,
A hundred princely youths with him retyr'd
To fetch the Nymphs, Chariots and musick went;
And home they came, heaven with applause rent.
The Nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the towne,
Fresh in their joy es, might doe them most renowme.
First gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
Like a quicke offering bured in flames of haire ;
And after with a Virgin firmament,
The godhead proving Bride, attended went
Before them, she tookt in her command,
As if forme-giving *Cyprias* silver hand
Grip'd all their beauties, and crusht out one flame :
She blusht to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Five lovely children, deckt with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by,
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right,
Is nothing else but to produce to light
The odd dispairnt number, they did chuse
To shew the union married loves should use,
Siacc in two equall parts it will not sever,

Hero and Leander. H

But the midſt holds one to rejoynce it euer,
As common to both parts: men therefore deeme,
That equall number gods doe not eſteeme,
Being authors of ſweete peace and unity,
But pleaſing to th' internall Emperey;
Vnder whose caſignes Wars and diſcorde fight,
Since an even number you may diſ-uniue
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
To re-unite each part from other reſt:
And five they hold in moft eſpeſiall price,
Since 'tis the firſt odde number that doth riſe
From the two foremost numbers unity
That odde and even are, which two and three,
For one no number is, but thence doth flow
The powerfull race of number. Next did goe
A noble Matron, that did ſpinning beare
A Huswifes rocke and ſpindle, and did weare
A Weathers ſkin, that all the ſnowy fleſce;
To intimate, that even the daintieſt piece,
And nobleſt borne dame ſhould induſtrious be.
That which does good, diſgraceth no degree.

And now to Junoes temple they are come,
Where her grave Priet stood in the marriage roome:
On his right hand did hang a ſkarlet vaile,
And from his ſhoulders to the ground did traile
On either ſide, ribbands of white and blue,
With the red vaile he hid the baſtfull hue
Of the chaſte Bride, to ſhew the modeſt shame,
In coupling with a man ſhould grace a Dame.
Then tooke he the diſparent filkes, and tide
The lovers by the waſtes, and ſide to ſide,
In token that hereafter they muſt binde
In one ſelueſacred knot each others minde;

Before

Hero and Leander.

Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every humane creature,
And every other birth produc'd by nature,
Moisture and heate must mixe, so Man and Wife
For humane race must joyne in nuptiall life.
The one of Ianoes birds, the painted Jay
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away.
All which he did behinde the altar throw,
In signe no hate of bitternesse should grow
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdaine.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteem'd too plaine,
For the most silken mildnesse of a Maid,
To let a publicke audience here it said,
She boldly tooke the man : and so respected
Was bashfulnesse in *Athens*, it created
To chaste *Agnesia*, which is shamefastnesse,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddesse,
And now to Feasts, Maskes, and triumphant shewes,
The shining troupes return'd, even till earth throwes
Brought forth with ioy the thickest part of night,
When the sweet Nuptiall song, that us'd to cite
All to their rest, was by *Phemoner* sung :
First *Delphean* Prophetesse, whose graces sprung
Out of the *Muses*, well she sung before
The Bride into her Chamber, at which doore
A Matron and a torch-bearer did stand,
A painted boxe of Confits in her hand
The Matron held, and so did other some
That compast round the honoured Nuptiall roome.
The custome was, that every maid did weare,
During her maiden-head, a silken sphere,
Abouther waste, about her inmost weed,

Hero and Leander

Knit with Minervas knot, and that was freed
By the faire Bridegrome on the marriage night,
With many Ceremonies of delight,
And yet eterniz'd Hymens tender Bride,
To suffer it dissolv'd so sweetly cride.
The Maids that heard, so lov'd, and did adore her,
They wist with all their hearts to suffer for her,
So had the Matrons that with Confus stood
About the chamber, such affectionare blood,
And so true feeling of her harmlesse paines:
That every one a shone of Confus raines,
For which the Bride youths scrabbling on the ground,
In noise of that sweet haile their cryes were drownd:
And thus blest Hymen joyd his gracious bride.
And for his joy was after deiside.
The Saffron mirror, by which Phabus love,
Greene Tellus decks her, now he held above
The clowdy mountains, and the noble Maid,
Sharpe visag'd Adolesce, that was straid
Out of her way in hasting with the newes,
Not till his houre th' Athenian terrers viewes;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents should be stale,
And how faire Hymens honours did excell
For those rare newes which she came short to tell,
To heare her deare tongue rob'd of such a joy,
Made the well-spoken Nymph take such a toy,
That downe she sunke, when lightning from above,
Shrunke her leane body, and for mere free love,
Turnd her into the pyed plum'd Parrot,
That now the Parrot is surnam'd by us;
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates,
Mought but newes common to the commonest mates.

This

Hero and Leander.

This told, strange Teras toucht her Late and stung
This dittie, that the torchy evening sprung.

Epithalmion Terasos.

Come, come deare night, loves Mart of killis,
Sweet close of this ambitious line,
The fruitfull summer of his blisses,
Loves glory doth in darknesse shine.
O come soft rest of Cares, come night,
Come naked vertues onely tire,
That reapest harvest of the light,
Bouad up in sheaves of sacred fire.

Love calls to warre,
Sighes his alarmes,
Lips his swords are,
The field his armes.

Come night and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious dayes ourfacing fact,
And all thy crowned flames command
For torches to our Nuptiall grace.

Love calls to warre,
Sighes his alarmes,
Lips his swords are,
The field his armes.

No need have we of factiousday,
To cast in envy of thy peace,
Herbals of discord in the way,
Her beauties day doth never cease;
Day is obstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Almaine, My so our-shine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Theristrice refine thee.

Love calls to warre,
Sighes his alarmes,

Hero and Leander. H

Lips his swords are, on which rarest glorie stand
The field his armes, whereon fairest sight
The evening starre I see, and I knowe full well
Rise, youths, the evening starre
Helpes love to summon warre,
Both now embracing be.
Rise, youths, loves rite claimes more than bankets, rise,
Now the bright Marigolds that decke the skies,
Phæbus celestiall flowers, that (contrary
To his flowers here) ope when he shuns his eye,
And shuts when he doth open, crowne your sports,
Now love in night, and night in love exhorts
Courtship and dances : all your parts employ,
And sute nights rich expansure with your joy,
Love paints his longings in sweet Virgins eyes,
Rise, youths, loves rite claimes more than bankets, rise,
Rise Virgins, let faire Nuptiall loves infold
Yout fruitlesse bleafts, the maiden-heads you hold
Are not your owne alone, but parted are,
Part in disposing them your parents are,
And that a third part is, so must ye save,
Your love's a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet Virgins eyes,
Rise, youths, loves rite claimes more than bankets, rise,
Herewith the amorous spirit that was so kind
To Teras haire, and comb'd it downe with wind,
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refraine
To blow it downe, which starting up dismayed
The timorous feast, and she no longer staid,
But bowing to the Bride-groome and the Bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights, the turning of her backe.

Made

Hero and Leander. H

Made them all shicke, it lookt so ghastly blacke.
O haplesse Hero, that most haplesse cloud,
Thy soone succeeding tragedie fore-shew'd:
Thus all the Nuptiall crue to joyes depart,
But much-wrong'd Hero stood hels blackest dart,
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus t' encrease the day.

The end of the fifth Sestiad.



The Argument of the sixth S E S T I A D.

L Eucore flies to all the Windes,
And from the fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet,
Leander with Loves compleat fleet
(and in himselfe) puts forth to Seas,
When straight the ruthlesse Destinies,
With art doe stir the windes to wars
Upon the Helle spout; their j. rs
Drown poore Leander. Heros eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe casts her downe
Upon her Love, and both doth drowne,
In whose instruth the god of Seas
Transformes them to th' Acantides.

N O longer could the day nor Destinies.
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne, and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and drames lay sucking, all mens rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Dayes too long darts so kild their faculties.

The

Hero and Leander.

The windes yet, like the flowers, to cease began,
For bright *J.encote*, *Venus* whitest Swan,
That held sweet *Hero* deare, spread her faire wings
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From *Venus* to the fates, t' intreat them lay
Their charge upon the windes, their rage to stay,
That the sterne battell of the Seas might cease,
And guard *Leander* to his love in peace.
The Fates consent (aye me dissembling Fates)
They shew'd their favours to conceale their bates,
And draw *Leander* on, lest Seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious Destiny,
Who like a fleeting slavish parasite,
In warping profit, or a trayterous sleight,
Hoopes round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes,
Praising with open throat (and oathes as foule
As his false heart) the beauty of an Owle,
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leave, but leapes upon his lips,
Like a Cocke-sparrow, or shamelesse queane,
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane
Of all his antick shewes, but doth repaire
More tender fawnes, and takes a scattered haire
From his tame subiects shoulder, whips and cals
For every thing he lacks, creepes against the wals
With backward humblenesse, to give needlesse way:
Thus his false fate did with *Leander* play.
First to blacke *Eurus* flies the white *Leucote*,
Borne 'mongst the Negros in the Levant Sea,
On whose curl'd head the glowing Sun doth rise
And shewes the soveraigne will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts, and down he lies.

Next

Hero and Leander.

Next to the fenny *Natus* course she holds,
And found him leaning with his armes in folds
Upon a rocke, his white haire full of shewres,
And him she chargeth by the fatall powers,
To hold in his wet cheeke his cloudy voyce,
To Zephire then that doth in flowres rejoyce,
To snake-foote *Boreas* next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravisht love,
To heate his frosty bosome hid in snow,
Who with *Leucos* sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to *Heroes* hearts desire,
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gummes, and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to *Leanders* sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must give it light.
She lov'd it so, she griev'd to see it burne,
Since it would waste, and soone to ashes turne;
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing; gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glasse of our society;
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lov'd for good, held high, given shew,
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd, held low.
Doe good, be pin'd, be deedlesse good disgrast,
Unlesse we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet *Hero* with these thoughts her torch did spend;
When Bees make waxe, Nature doth not intend
I should be made a torch, but we that know
The proper vertue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did nature
Propose one life to maids, but each such creature
Make by her soule the best of her true state.

Hero and Leander. H

Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants loves fire to make it milde and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our griefe, not cause of griece we fight,
The right of nought is gleand, but the delight.
Up went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.
She was the rule of wishes, summe and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend,
Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth,
But what shines nearest best, holdes truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kisse the torch, although it lighted him :
But all his powers in her desires awaked,
Her love and vertues cloath'd him richly naked,
Men kisse but fire that onely shewes pursue,
Her torch and *Hero*, figure, shew, and virtue.
Now at oppos'd *Abydus* nought was heard,
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slaine for th' Nuptials, crakes of falling woods,
Blowes of broad axes, powring out of floods.
The guilty *Hellespont* was mixt and stain'd
With bloody torrent, that the shinibles rain'd
Not arguments of feasts, but shewes that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More bloud was spilt, more honours were address,
Than could have graced any happy feast.
Rich banquets, triumphes, every pompe employs
His sumptuous hand, no Miser's Nuptiall joyes.
Aire felt continuall thunder with the noyse,
Made in the generall marriage violence,
And no man knew the cause of his expence,
But the two haplesse Lords, *Leanders* Sire,

And

Hero and Leander.

And poore *Leander*, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich for mis'd,
As short was he of that himselfe surpris'd :
As in an empty Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an aet, each drop a storme,
That fals from his brave breathings, most brought up
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts, and much palme beares,
For his rare judgement in th'attire he weares,
Hath seene the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet,
And for your sweet discourse with mouths is heard,
Giving instructions with his very beard,
Hath gone with an Embassador, and beeue,
A great mans mate in travelling, even to *Rhene*,
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his names forth, as when you descry
A ship with all her sailes contends to fly
Out of the narrow *Thames* with windes unapt,
Now crofseth here, then there, then this way rapt;
And then hath one poynt reacht, then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall,
Of halfe a bird-bolts shoote, keeping more coile,
Than if she danc't upon the Oceans toyle :
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacancy.
And so short of himselfe in his high thought,
Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of love that he thought won,
But otherwise he scornes comparison.
O sweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide
In a short grave, ill favour'd stormes must chide

Hero and Leander.

Thy sacred favour : I, in floods of inke,
Must drowne thy graces, which white papers drinke ;
Even as thy beauty did the foule blacke seas,
I must describe the hell of thy disease,
That heaven did merit, yet I needs must see
Our painted fooles, and cockehorse pessantry,
Still still usurpe, with long lives, loves and lust
The seats of vertue ; cutting short as dust
Her deare brought issue, ill to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The Captaines and the souldiers to the shore,
On whom attend the appoynted fleet
At *Sestus* bay, that should *Leander* meet,
Who feign'd he in another ship would passe,
Which must not be, for no one meane there was
To get his love home but the course he tooke.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty looke,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the Sun a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that traditions force,
That faies a god sits there, and guides his course.
His sister was with him, to whom he shewed
His guide by sea, and said ; Oft have you viewed
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one starre many heavens till now were met.
See lovely sister, see, now *Hero* shines,
No heaven but hers appeares, each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mournd
To be by influence of earth out-burnd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be constant in hel's blackest raigne,
Though even the gods themselves doe so intreat them,

As

Hero and Leander.

As they did hate, and earth as she would eat them,
Off went his silke robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kinde waves so licorously cleapt,
Thickning for haste one in another so,
To kisse his skin, that he might almost goe
To *Heroes* tower, had that kinde minute lasted,
But now the cruell fates with ~~ate~~ hasted
To all the windes, and made them battle fight
Upon the *Hellespont*, for eithers right,
Pretended to the windy Monarchy,
And forth they brake, the seas mixt with the *sky*,
And tost distrest *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heaven : Blis not in height doth dwell,
The Destinies fate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious windes with mutuall braves
Consume each other. O true glasse to see,
How ruinous ambitious Statists be
To their owne glories : Poore *Leander* cryed
For helpe to sea-borne *Venus*, she denyed
To *Boreas*, that for his *Atthias* sake,
He would some pitty on his *Hero* take ;
And for his owne loves sake on his desires :
But glory never blowes cold pitties fires.
Then cald he *Neptune*, who through all the noyse
Knew with affright his wrackt *Leanders* voyce,
And up he rose, for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst heavens hard Chrystal, his proud waves he smit
With his forkt scepter, that could not obey,
Much greater power then *Neptunes* gave them sway,
They lov'd *Leander* so, in groanes they brake
When they came neare him, and such space did take
Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrowes earth was thewne,

Hero and Leander.

And the poore Lover tooke a little breath,
But the curst fates late spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile windes
Tumbled them on him. And now *Hero* findes
By that she felt her deare *Leanders* state ;
She wept, and prayed for him to every fate,
And every winde that whipt her with her haire,
About the face, she kist, and spake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gave it drinke out of her eyes
To quench his thirst, but still their cruelties.
Even her poore torch envied, and rudely beate
The bating flame from that deare food it eate :
Deare, for it nourisht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife,
But silke too soft was, such hard yearts to breake,
And she, deare soule, even as her silke, faint weake,
Could not preserve it out : O out it went.
Leander still cald *Neptune*, that now rent
His brakish curlles, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where teares in billowes did each other chase,
And (burst with ruth) he hurld his marble mace }
At the sterne Fates, it wounded *Lachesis*, }
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not misse
The thred it selfe, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did lunder it,
The more kinde *Neptune* rag'd, the more he rac'd
His loves lives fort, and kild as he embrac'd ;
Anger doth still his owne mil-hap encrease:
If any comfort live it is in peace.
O theevish Fates, to let Blood, Flesh and Sence,
Build two faire Temples for their excellencie, }
To rob it with a poysoned influence. }
Though soules gifts sterue, the bodies are held deare

Hero and Leander.

In ugliest things, Sense-sport preserves a Beare,
But here nought serves our turnes : O heaven and earth
How most wretched is our humane birth.
And now did all the tyrannous crue depart,
Knowing there was a storne in *Heroes* heart,
Greater than they could make, and skorn'd their smart.
She bowed her selfe so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her houre,
With searching the lamenting waves for him,
Like a poore snail, her gentle supple lim.
Hung on her turrets top, so most downe right,
As she would dive beneath the darknesse quite,
To find her Iewell, Iewell, her *Leander*,
A name of all earths jewels pleas'd not her
Like his deare name, *Leander* stil my choise :
Come nought but my *Leander* : O my voyce
Turne to *Leander* ; henceforth be all sounds
Accents and phrases, that shew all grieves wounds,
Analys'd in *Leander*. O blacke change :
Trumpets, doe you with thunder of your clange,
Drive out this changes horror, my voyce faints,
Where all joy was, now shrikke out all complaints.
Thus cryed slie, for her mixt soule could tell
Her love was dead : And when the morning fell,
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes that bled out of her cheeke did show,
Leander brought by *Neptune* bruis'd and torne
With Cities ruines, he to rocks had worne,
To filthy usuring rockes that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much much more,
Then might have serv'd to kill her, should her store
Of gyant sorrowes speake : burst, dye, bleed,

And.

Piero and Leander

And leave poore plants to us that shall succeed
She fel on her Love's bolonic, hugg'd it fast
And with Leanders name she breath'd her last.
Neptune for pity in his armes did take them,
Hung them in theire and did awake them:
Like two sweete Birds, surnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which we call Thistle-warpes, that ne're no seas
Dare ever come, but full in couples lie,
And feed on thistle-tops to testifie
The hardnesse of their first life in their last:
The first in thornes of love that sorrowes past,
And to most beautifull their colours shew,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable velyct feather covers quite:
Even like the forehead cloath that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, Ladies us'd to weare
Their wings blew, red and yellow mixt appear,
Colours that as we construe colours paint
Their states to life, the yellow shewes their faint,
The dainty *Femis* left them bluc, their truth,
Their red and blacke ensignes of death and ruth,
And thus true honour from their love-death sprung:
They were the first that ever Poet sung.

FINIS

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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